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"Slacken no sail, brother,
At inlet or island;
Straight by the compass steer,
Straight for the highland.

"Fear not the darkness,
Dread not the night;
God's Word is thy compass,
Christ is thy light."

Pacific School of
Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

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A MESSAGE FROM A DISTINGUISHED MESSENGER.

Dr. George Adam Smith, in his address at the union meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, made a profound impression. Starting with the statement, that the Christian people of the British Empire never doubted the justice of their cause he added immediately that they had questioned their fitness before God as an instrument. The matter of national repentance was dwelt upon and it was stated that while this was of course only in part there had been a remarkable awakening to the great realities of life. Men and women have been lifted up out of themselves to a consideration of humanity as a whole, and sounding in their ears as they had not sounded for a long time were the words of the Psalmist, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me."

Turning to ancient history Dr. Smith showed how to God's people of old there had come an upbuilding of faith even in the midst of Babylonian and Assyrian oppressions, a profounder sense of Jehovah as a God of Righteousness and Mercy. Likewise, the experiences through which they were now going would be a corrector and purifier of faith.

The war, it was stated, was leading the people back to the foot of the cross of Christ—into the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, and to a realization that the only solution for the world's problems was in the cross of Christ. As vicarious suffering had been operating from the beginning of time, so was it operative today—was saving the world now as always, and nothing else could save it. In it all God was standing out as a God of law and righteousness, and there had been ushered in a revival of faith in God's faithfulness. Hereafter there will not be so many easy views of God and cheap views of man. And more than ever before Christ will be men's consciences and their power.

In speaking of Christ Dr. Smith made mention of a letter recently received by him in which the writer signed himself "Yours in the Coming Christ" in the answer to which he signed himself, "Yours in the Indwelling Christ."

In the course of his address Dr. Smith expressed the judgment that for the nations arrayed against Germany not to stand where they do stand would be to turn Christianity up-side down. Great Britain might have had peace back there in 1914, but it would have been peace with dishonor, peace with remorse, peace with fear—not the peace Christ came to give and does give.

With reference to what men from the trenches would expect in ministers after the war it was remarked that seeking selfishness would not pass with those who had offered at the front their all—that the man who would have influence must be one whose life showed that he denied himself.

Some light was thrown on the kind of religious service that will be requisite by the remark of a young man who had been fed for some time on the Y. M. C. A. type of service—the remark that there was nothing he longed so much for as a good old-fashioned Presbyterian service of worship.

All in all it was very heartening to listen as we did last Monday to this man of God, a messenger from the British isles so long enshrouded in war, to hear his words of hope and courage coming out of the darkness, and to come away with the feeling that the Chariot of the Lord is not tarrying, and that the clouds surrounding us today are big with blessings. "Behold, He cometh with clouds," wrote the Revelator.

THE HILL COUNTRY OF THE SOUL.

In The Pacific this week is to be found a department with the caption "Helps by the Way." It is intended to be exactly that—calculated to lead our readers to lift up their eyes unto the hills, to the infinities whence cometh their help.

Dr. John Henry Jowett, one of the deeply spiritual preachers of the age, says: "There should be a hill country in every life, some great up-towering peaks which dominate the common plain. There should be an upland district, where springs are born, and where rivers of inspiration have their birth. 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.'

"The soul that knows no hills is sure to be oppressed with the monotony of the road. The inspiration to do little things comes from the inspiration of big things. It is amazing what trifles we can get through when a radiant love is near. A noble companionship glorifies the dingiest road. And what if that Companion be God? * * * The 'heavenlies' are our salvation and our defense. 'His righteousness is like the great mountains.' 'The mountains bring forth peace unto his people.' "

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS FOR A CHICAGO CHURCH AND PASTOR.

The giving up of the pastorate in the Second Congregational Church of Oak Park, a Chicago suburb, by the Rev. Dr. Noble S. Elderkin, is an event that was to be expected. Dr. Elderkin was a pacifist who could not conscientiously follow the lead of the country when it became necessary in the judgment of those in authority to enter into the world war. He was, and he remains, a conscientious objector—one who does not believe in going to war in any circumstances. It is worthy of note that many who voted against accepting the resignation do not agree with him—and evidently were of opinion that he could continue acceptably as pastor. But there were obstacles which others could not surmount, and so by a vote of 101 to 86 the resignation was accepted.

The Congregationalist has made this comment:

"It is not merely a question of freedom of speech. Our American churches at this present juncture of national and international affairs want ministers who see the great moral issues as they do, whose preaching and conducting

of the devotional service and personal contacts and ministries during the week reflect the belief that the young hazarding their lives in this way are led by conscience and by the Spirit of God thus to offer themselves. The pastor who cannot thus believe is handicapped in many ways. He cannot administer effectively the comfort which bereaved parents and shadowed homes require. He cannot enter heartily into Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Liberty Bond cannot adminster effectively the comfort which bereaved parents and shadowed homes require. He cannot enter heartily into Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Liberty Bond campaigns. He can hardly speed his young men on their way with real sincerity of heart. The whole atmosphere of church life must be different when a minister is a conscientious objector."

There may be those who would not agree exactly with The Congregationalist in this; but there is thus raised a barrier which the most devoted man cannot cross—and so must go out as Dr. Elderkin has gone out from his church in Oak Park.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN GONE FROM US!

Dr Washington Gladden, one of the out-standing characters in American life during the last half century, passed to the other plane of existence on Tuesday of this week. Though gone from mortal sight, he will live on among us with an undying influence. Few men have ever served better their day and generation. With good reason has the capital city of the great commonwealth of Ohio long called him its "first citizen." His service to his city and state and nation made him pre-eminently first.

A PACIFIC COAST PRESBYTERIAN LEADER ON "THE SPIRIT OF UNITY."

President Landon of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo writes in "The Far West Presbyterian" that he never attended a General Assembly where the desire for the uniting of the churches of Christ was strong desire for the uniting of the churches of Christ was so strong and insistent as it was at Columbus in May of this year.

"Every reference to it brought forth the most tumultous applause, though one could not always tell whether all the noise meant all the people. A wise committee on co-operation and union has for some years been at work endeavoring to unite all the churches of the Reformed faith. This would seem to be the logical course, to bring the churches more nearly related, before attempting to unite those more distantly connected. But the Assembly was apparently impatient with the slow progress made. It looked at one time as if they would sweep away the committee and make some stronger movement towards a larger unity. Some of us are yet sympathetic with a remark made by Dr. John Timothy Stone in a sermon in Fourth Church, Chicago, the Sunday following the Assembly, "Personally I prefer co-operation to co-ordination." Certainly a co-operation that would eliminate over-churching and unseemly and unchristian competition, and other objectionable things that have attached themselves to denominationalism, like barnacles to a ship, would be highly desirable. However, if our great church is in earnest in calling for a unifying of the forces of the Christian Church, it ill becomes us to take the attitude of objectors and opposers. It is proper to ask for one thing, however—that too large a sacrifice of convictions be not required. Surely those who are to live and labor together in the same house, or the same church, ought to believe somewhat alike."

"THE WOODEN HORSE."

"America Menaced by Prussianized Trade."

Packed within the covers of a pamphlet of eighty-eight pages, bearing the foregoing title and sub-title, is a large amount of very valuable reading matter on a business that is doubly deadly while this world war is going on.

One wonders as he reads it and comes to the final page whether the turning point in the war can come until the United States and Great Britain put away the iniquitous paralyzing drink traffic. On the last page under the caption "Lest Haply We Should Be Found Fighting Against God," we read this by Dr. Clarence Wilson, who is at the head of the Temperance Department of the Methodist Church:

"God Almighty still rules. He has not vacated the throne of the universe. He carries out his will by human leaders. Nations are his agents. They have no immortal souls. Their righteousness is to be rewarded and their sins punished in this life. Where in all history did a nation sin and escape its just penalty?

"What is the greatest sin against God and man in the twentieth century? The turning of God's great gift—our daily bread—into human poison; the debauching and damning of the hundreds of millions by habit-forming drugs—opium, vodka, absinthe, wine, beer, hasheesh, ale, rum, and whisky.

"We do not understand God's purpose in this unspeakable world-wide war. But if it is to wipe the liquor traffic and all poison trades from the planet, may America speedily see the light, line up with the Divine purpose and enact national prohibition before it is forever too late; lest, haply, by refusing, we should be found fighting against God!"

Former President Taft is quoted in this book as saying: "To tolerate the drink trade in time of war is nothing less than stealing bread from our soldiers." And Roosevelt—that for the period of the war not a bushel of grain should be turned from food into intoxicants.

Roger W. Babson, the eminent statistician: "Statistics show clearly that the United States should immediately adopt national prohibition as a war measure."

This book arraigns the Drink Trade thus:

"The drink trade is a traitor. * * * We can't beat Germany until we have beaten beer. * * * Every saloon is an enemy fort; every brewery a national menace, every bonded warehouse an arsenal for our foe, as long as it turns food into poison."

And then under "The Call of the Crisis" the book continues: "In the name of all that American men and women hold sacred, * * * We call upon the President of the United States now to exercise the power vested in him to stop the manufacture of beer. He should commandeer every gallon of whisky and by redistillation make it an agency of victory instead of an agent of defeat. * * * And the Congress of the United States should immediately close every saloon for the period of the war."

There is a Way to Win the War.

"There is a way to win this war," says this book; "and that is to call this nation to a recognition of its foes without and within, and to that full and free action which alone can give victory."

"There is also a way to lose the war," declares the author, who is the Research Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and he goes on to point out how in his judgment it can be lost: "Let the people get the impression that the government is afraid of slackers, draft resisters, and the beer trade. Let the government continue to exhort the women to save crumbs and permit the breweries to waste loaves."

On one of the pages of this book we find this paragraph: "The German-American Alliance and the United Brewers' Association have solved the problem of destroying food much better than has Von Tirpitz. The submarines are sinking 80,000,000 bushels of grain a year. The breweries are destroying 70,000,000 bushels."

The manager of a great mine in Pennsylvania is quoted: "The government is calling upon us for increased production and then continues to tolerate the one thing that does more than all else to decrease production."

Eighty-three of the great iron and steel manufacturies are recorded as on record as demanding the elimination of alcohol as an industrial necessity.

Emphasis is laid on the fact that the brewers are using millions of pounds of sugar annually to make their German drink. And this week the people go on a sugar ration.

The Baltimore Sun, always heretofore an anti-prohibition paper, is quoted as declaring that drink menaces shipbuilding because "highly paid workmen are spending two or three days a week soaking beer in saloons."

Beer is arraigned also in this book from the scientific standpoint. One wonders how anyone can want it after all that is said against it as a poison and as of scarcely no nutritive value. It is said: "To furnish a hard-working man with the amount of proteids needed in a day it would be necessary to give him 108 glasses of beer, costing $5.40. He would need 52 glasses of beer for his supply of carbohydrates and would pay $2.60 for them. In order to get nourishment from beer he would have to give his entire time to drinking and die at the end of the day. Beer is liquid certainly, but it is not bread."

All in all "The Wooden Horse" is a good book to read and circulate. It may be had of the Abingdon Press, New York—or the Methodist Book Concern, New York and San Francisco, for twenty-five cents.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Among the books distributed among the boys in the trenches is "Who is Jesus Christ?" by Charles R. Brown. Prior to January 11 of this year 39,576 copies had been distributed.

Twenty years ago the Swami Vivikenenda began Buddhistic missionary work in the United States.His followers now number one hundred thousand and have seventy-four meeting places. In several cities they have fine temples. In the beautiful Magdazzin temple in Chicago which cost $100,000, one of the priestesses of the sun god is the daughter of a former Presbyterian elder.

A Peking correspondent of the New York Times declares that "Sun Yat Sen is a disappointed man;" that "events have not arranged themselves according to his liking," and that he has withdrawn from the constitutional movement. He is spoken of as too much of a visionary, and not a practical constructor. We are of opinion that the best summing up would be to say that he is in advance of his age in China.

In one of his California addresses the Rev. L. L. Wirt remarked: "I am a Republican, but I am standing firmly behind the President and the government in this crisis. * * * I believe that Secretary of War Baker has grown bigger and faster than any man in the United States." Among the many thoughts put forth by Dr. Wirt, and well worth quoting was this: "We are doing big things in the world now and we must think big thoughts. The close of the war will find the sovereignty of God and the democracy of man pre-eminent." One paper says that Mr. Wirt spoke for two hours, and that the people went away reluctantly, wanting more.

I preached the gospel behind the Lewis guns in the trench, and I didn't put my head down when the bullets were flying, either," writes Gipsy Smith. And he adds: "That wouldn't have done, because there is no use preaching to boys about the perfect love that casts out, fear, and then flop! No, you've got to take your own medicine. Never for a moment was I afraid!" Gipsy Smith has been through four gas attacks, and has lived under shell fire for a month ot a time. One month in such circumstances he talked to the soldier boys as often as five times a day! He says: "There was no need of coaxing them to come—they simply came. And you should have heard them sing, "Cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy wing" —singing it with a gasbag on their necks open and ready to use. While I was talking, I held my gasbag close to me so it was ready if needed. Sometimes while we were singing or praying or talking, a shell would fall close to us and knock things around uncomfortably, but that was only a part of the program."

A visitor to Montreal writes of the churches in that historic city: "The province is strongly French Catholic, and everywhere, in city and village, are seen large tracts of valuable land covered with huge imposing cathedrals, churches, monasteries, nunneries and schools. However, the Protestant churches of the leading denominations approach them very nearly in grandeur and size, and many have celebrated their centennial anniversaries. The Presbyterians lead in numbers, and are alive to the interests of Christ's kingdom, both at home and abroad. Many of the largest churches are down in the business section of the city. Christ's Cathedral, Anglican, is very magnicient in size and appearance. On St. Catherine Street St. James Methodist Episcopal and St. James the Apostle, Anglican, with one or two others, make delightful breaks on the continuous line of shops. On the next street east, Dorchester, several Presbyterian churches stand in close proximity. The American Church, Knox-Crescent, St. Andrews and St. Pauls, and the old Knox Church, now called the Salem Welsh Church. The American Church was organized about 1812, and was composed wholly of Americans, with an American minister, and it is still connected with the New York Presbytery. Now the minister and nine-tenths of the members are Canadians, and they contemplate entering Montreal Presbytery in the near future."

A service which the British weekly speaks of a "dedication of Dr. Jowett's ministry" was held at Westminister Chapel one evening the first week in June. Dr. Campbell Morgan gave an address of welcome in which he said: "This whole nation welcomes you home. All that is best in the national life, all that really counts for stability and greatness, welcomes you as a messenger of God. The whole church of God welcomes you. Men and women from all the churches will gather here. You will be a minister of the grace which is confined to no one channel, but fills and floods them all. Your advent here is a cause for thankfulness to all the Israel of God." In the course of his address Dr. Morgan remarked: "The hour is big with destiny. The nation is crying after God—a God of unswerving justice and of infinite compassion." The sermon for the occasion was given by Dr. John Kelman. In responding to the welcome Dr. Jowett remarked: "There are many new emphases in my life, and I hope that these will be seen in my preaching. But I come to preach from this pulpit the old, old gospel. * * * In this solemn service I seem to be redicated to the exalted, privileged office of the Christian ministry." London papers state that large crowds

have been going to hear Dr. Jowett every Sunday since he began his work in London. The third Sunday he preached on Unity saying in part: "We have been compelled to touch one another whether we will or not. We are working together at the front, sharing common enterprises at home; but the unity is not going to be vital if it is the product of coercive circumstances. The tragedy of the hour is only the iron hoop which binds us together; the passing of the tragedy may mean the removal of the hoop and the relapse into the old separation and dissolution. The unity to be found in the driving impulse of a common peril is merely the unity of the ill-assorted crowd which gathers together in an air-raid, and which disappears when the air-raid is over. . . . Before I take any steps towards union I want to know whether such leaders as the Bishop of London and the General of the Salvation Army admit each other's divine communion with a great, glad assent. Once that admission is made all minor discords can be resolved into harmony."

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

Having the Seventh Day Adventists as my only competitors in my suburban church, I feel compelled to give this subject special attention. I am now preaching a series of sermons on the Book of Revelation, the first during my long ministry. I have utilized the excellent aid given by Prof. Shirley Jackson Case, of the University of Chicago, and can commend it to others. I have also found much help from Dr. Henry Cowles of Oberlin—in his commentary on Revelation.

The second coming of Christ is a national and international subject today. The advocates of the imminent coming of Christ in physical form are urging their peculiar views with characteristic zeal. I find that some British clergymen, of the school of Dr. F. B. Meyer, declare with positiveness that there is but one interpretation to the world's present cataclysm. Such was the position, as I understand it, presented at the great conference held at Philadelphia. With all due regard to some of the eminent men that participated in the conference, it is to be regretted that there were evidences of bigotry and extreme dogmatism, and on the part of some almost bitter criticism of those who disagree with them. It was significant to me that not one representative of the leading theological seminaries was among the speakers.

I agree with Dr. Frederick Lynch, of The Christian Work and Evangelist, "that hardly anything is fraught with more danger to the cause of Christ than this belief in His bodly reappearance. It springs from a conception of Christianity, largely responsible for the present calamities."

The report of the Philadelphia conference in The Christian Herald states: "It is a notable fact that extremists, alarmists and 'fixed date' men were conspicuous by their absence."

Premillenarians as a rule are exceedingly zealous; are propagandists of the first order. And I saw somewhere that their propaganda is generously financed. They are obsessed by their peculiar doctrine and quite impatient with those who disagree with them. For this reason it behooves all ministers to be thoroughly informed on the subject, and to be sure that they do not ignore God's word, and avoid even the appearance. I deem the premillennium theory as contrary to the teachings of Christ and to the spirit of Christianity. There is to it a literalizing that is positively pernicious. My greatest objection to it is that it ignores social Christianity, and seems to imply that God is a failure. It leads its advocates to emphasize non-essentials and has a narrowing tendency.

"Any teaching no matter how sincere which holds that an attempt to Christianize society is contrary to the spirit of Jesus, which seeks only to save souls from a world which is to be destroyed, which believes that the heavenly Father has failed spiritually and must resort to fire and destruction to succeed, limits the redeeming message of the life and death of the Son of God. It can never hope to win a world like ours, for it cannot build itself into the constructive forces of the world that is in making."

Christ came to save and not to destroy. His presence is spiritual and the method of His conquest in the world and the transformation of mankind must be spiritual.

We do not need the revival of Jewish hopes today but a revelation of eternal truths that give a new vision of God. Permit me to suggest that Dr. John Wright Buckham give us a series of articles on Premillianarianism in the Light of Today.

J. E.

A NOTEWORTHY EDITIORIAL IN THE TORONTO GLOBE.

The pastor of a Congregational Church in Canada has sent The Pacific an editorial which appeared in the Toronto Globe on the 26th of June—the paper edited by that well-known Canadian, Dr. McDonald. It had relation to the National Day for Prayer—the following Sunday. The editorial quoted President Wilson:

"There are two duties with which we are face to face. The first duty is to win the war. And the second duty, that goes hand in hand with it, is to win it greatly and worthily."

Then the writer went on:

"And if it be asked what constitutes winning the war 'greatly and worthily' the answer is suggested by the appointment of next Sunday as a Day of National Humiliation and Prayer.

"What is the meaning of Humiliation? The term has been much avoided during the past four years, and yet, when properly understood, it indicates the true attitude of man towards God. It matters little or nothing what our enemies think of us, but it matters a great deal how God regards us, and for this reason there ought to be no hesitation in speaking of humiliation in regard to God. An attitude of humiliation means nothing else than a recognition that victory depends upon something far other and higher than material forces, and that in the present crisis it is essential to remember the familiar words: 'Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, said the Lord of Hosts.' Bunyan, in a well-known passage, shows, with his unerring insight, its spiritual value in human life: But we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation. It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all these parts. . behold, how green this Valley is; also how beautiful with lilies. I have also known many laboring men who have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation.'

"One of the elements of true humiliation will spring from a deep consciousness of the sin that is the primary explanation of war. To say that Germany was intent on war and would sacrifice everything to her inordinate amibition, while perfectly true, is, after all, to indicate only the occasion and not the cause of the trouble. The real reason of the war is a malady common to all mankind—what the Bible calls sin—for if there had been no such moral evil there would have been no possibility of the present conflict. This stupendous crisis is a call to face the fact of sin, and the war will not be in vain if it enables men to realize things as they are. It is essential to probe to the root of the matter, so that each man may see his own sin, confess it, and forsake it.

"The Archbishop of Rupert's Land in his letter well points out that we as a Canadian people should seek from God to know whether there is anything in our national or personal life calculated to withhold victory from us. And he says that under the most brilliant and skillful military leadership the Israelites of old on one occasion were compelled to 'turn their backs before their enemies.'. .It was national sin exemplified in the sin of one man which then blocked the way to victory. Only the other day Sir William Robertson expressed the opinion that even now we are not ready for God to give us the victory.

"There is no incongruity in confessing national sins, because men like Isaiah and Nehemiah realized the sin of their fellow-countrymen and did not hesitate to confess it before God. I confess the sins of the children of Israel which we have sinned against Thee. I and my father's house have sinned. For this reason it is essential that nationally we should approach God in the words of the old petition: Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

"From humiliation will come prayer, and this will mean at once a genuine recognition of God and a heart-felt appeal to Him both for victory and for a great and worthy victory. For several weeks past there have been welcome indications all over the Empire of an earnest movement for united prayer and intercession, and many whose opinions are worthy of consideration believe that a new spirit has been passing over the people, leading them to think of God and to plead with Him for blessing and victory. It is because of this awakening spirit of intercession that we should continue to further in every way the movement for definite, persistent prayer."

The editorial closed with this paragraph:

"God challenges us by this means, and what He said to Israel thousands of years ago He says to us to-day; "If My people which are called by My name shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and heal their land."

THOSE WONDERFUL HOSTESS HOUSES!

Forty-three were in operation a few weeks ago. Soon there will be eighty-five.

In Camp Lewis, 60,000 people entered the house the first month, and 203 babies were cared for in the Old Rose Nursery. The number of pies and beans eaten in the cafeteria almost gave the cash register nervous prostration.

An empty Hostess House has never yet been seen any day or any evening. Mothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, grandmothers, as well as wives in the present, past and future tense, visit with fathers, sons, brothers, uncles, and all varieties of the lover-husband species.

"My! ain't it nice and refined here?" commented one appreciative soldier.

In another camp, a soldier who had just arrived remarked as he stepped into the Hostess House, "Gee, but it looks like Heaven, doesn't it?"

"Of course, it does," replied one of the other soldiers. "Didn't I tell you so? Why don't you go over to the counter and talk with the angels?"

A Hostess House is manned by five women. The hostess director has general charge of everything. The social hostess is chiefly responsible for the reception of visitors. The emergency hostess looks after outside cases which come to the attention of the workers. The cafeteria hostess is concerned with the food. The business hostess keeps the accounts and looks after the buying. Certain qualifications are essential for these offices. Of course the cafeteria director must be a trained dietician, a graduate of a recognized domestic science institute and an experienced domestic economist. The business hostess is one who is accustomed to running a large establishment on an economical and efficient basis. The emergency secretary is somewhat like a social worker. Experience in settlement work or some other form of welfare work affords a good training. She must know and utilize all the government agencies, charitable institutions and philanthropic organizations.

The term "social hostess" sounds somewhat vague, but more than shaking hands is involved in her position. She must have had experience in dealing with large numbers of people. Tact which takes her to a desired goal without friction is necessary. Endless patience, a kind heart, and a shrewd brain are fundamental.

The director of a Hostess House must be all the four others rolled into one. Poise is a pre-requisite. When a tornado rolled the roof back from the house at Camp Taylor, Louisville, and then returned it to its place with a bang, the work went right on as if nothing had happened.

STUDENTS IN UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN LEAVE SORORITIES.

Sixteen young women, some of them of considerable prominence, resigned their membership recently in the sororities. Among the number were: Miss Alice Van Hise, daughter of President Charles R. Van Hise, Miss Anna Ely, Miss Bertha Oechsner, daughter of Dr. Eechsner, of Chicago, Miss Mavis Chubb, of St. Louis, Miss Helen Knowlton, daughter of Prof. H. M. Knowlton, and others associated with the intelligently progressive movements at the University, the editor-in-chief of the Wisconsin Magazine, and three who have Phi Beta Kappa.

The reasons given by those who have resigned are as follows:

(1.) As women now have an established place in college affairs, the sororities' original function of facilitating unified action among the women of the college for advancement is obsolete.

(2.) Qualification for entrance into sororities is entirely artificial and undefined.

(3.) The rushing system is unwholesome, pernicious, and undemocratic.

(4.) The great expenditure of money in soroities upon trivialities is unwarranted, particularly at such a time as this.

(5.) Women of the University, both sorority and non-sorority, would have a broader scope of friendship and a freer opportunity for development if social Greek-letter sosieties were abolished.

(6.) A caste system is projected from the college out into the alumne population of the country.

In discussing the action taken by herself and her associates, Miss Van Hise says:

"We do not mean to emphasize chiefly the idea that sororities are undemocratic, although we feel that this is true. While we feel that sororities are primarily 'unkind' to the greatest number, the point which has concerned us quite as much is that sororities are, as it means to us, bad for their own members.

"It seems to us an artificial thing to pledge ourselves to other undergraduates, to alumnae whom we have never seen, and members yet to come of whom we shall know nothing, merely because they all wear the pin of a certain group.

"The basis for membership seems to us fundamentally inadequate. It is chiefly social. We feel that the real basis for undergraduate association is the real basis for any oth-

er association — community of real interests and ideas and purposes.

"And we are certain that the lauding of one little group by itself, and its systematic undervaluing of other groups of fine young women, merely because they wear another pin, is not only artificial, but definitely bad for everybody concerned."

A Madison correspondent of the New York Post writes:

"The young women disclaim any definite programme, but their tentative suggestion is for future societies, unlimited in membership, based on interests scientific, literary, dramatic, or other, out of which a normal social intercourse will grow in addition. They feel that for the first two years, dormitories would solve the problem of undergraduate living, dormitory life for the entire four years being optional. Admitting that there will always be those less "socially" fit than others, they feel that these should not be labelled, or unostentatiously left without a label.

"They are quite frank in their hope that Greek letter societies will be abolished some time in the future, but they are most modest in their estimate of the influence which their own action will have on such a consummation. The attention which their course has aroused among the university people and the alumni and alumnae is, however, extremely significant of the cogency of some of their reasons for their withdrawal."

The societies from which the young women have withdrawn are Kappa Kappa Gamma, Delta Gamma, and Gamma Phi Beta, the three oldest chapters among the sororities in Wisconsin University.

FROM A WAR-TIME PARSON'S DIARY.

Monday A. M.—Hour at Ministers' Meeting taken by a Y. M. C. A. representative, who makes it as clear as the Missouri River that the army work needs, not only Y. M. C. A. workers and Chaplains, but Camp Pastors as well.

* * * * *

Monday Noon—Very curious to know what this lunch I am asked to attend is all about. I have received a very pressingly-worded invitation, signed by three laymen of prminence, to meet Dr. Blank of Washington, D. C., at luncheon at the Elite Hotel. Wonder who he is, and what message he bears from Woodrow Wilson. Turns out that the three gentlemen who asked us pastors to come are all unavoidably detained, but Dr. Blank is on hand. He is the distinguished president of the Federation of Fighting Fleas. He shows beyond a doubt that the war has multiplied the demands on this organization and that its work must by no means be allowed to slacken. President Wilson had just last week assured him that he counted this line of war work of superlative importance, and exhorted him to carry on. The Fed. needs a million for endowment and fifty thousand for laboratory equipment. Evidently also something for inspirational lunches.

* * * * *

Tuesday A. M.—A call from Miss Azalia Bellanthorp, representing the Society for the Evangelization of Horse Thieves. She would like a Sunday morning service and the privilege of passing her cards. Assures me that everywhere she has drawn larger audiences than the pastors.

* * * * *

Wednesday Noon—Gentleman phones that he desires to see me on a very important personal matter. No, he cannot state it over the phone. I will understand why, at such grave times, with the country full of alien enemies. He will be right out. He is right out, and the important personal matter turns out to be regarding a policy in the Villa-Carranza Mutual Accident Company of Chihuahua. The international advantage of insuring in Mexican accident companies is obvious.

* * * * *

Thursday Morning—Called to a meeting of city pastors to hear a special representative of the Pickle Department of the Food Administration. Traveled all the way from Washington, D. C., to explain that Sunday, July 33rd, will be Pickle Sunday throughout the whole nation. Preachers are to preach on Pickles, the importance of putting up pickles, the proper way of brining cucumbers, beans and cabbage, the food value of pickles, the difference between spiced cabbage and sauerkraut, and the various dishes that may be prepared with pickles. Pastors all very enthusiastic, one even suggesting that we devote two Sundays to this worthy object.

* * * * *

Thursday, 4 P. M.—Just had a call from the Rev. Dr. Shallow of Biffport, Maine, who is here for a three months' engagement addressing the army camps. Explains the tremendous advantages of taking pastors from Atlantic Coast churches to do this work on the Pacific Coast, and vice versa.

* * * * *

Friday Evening—At a farewell service for Dr. Slowcome, who leaves for the front to-morrow on a special mission in connection with the Conchological department of the Federated Church Alliance. He is to visit the trenches of all the fronts, gleaning valuable information which cannot be gathered in any other way. He reports to a special commission which will meet in New York in October. I expect to be appointed to this work myself, and shall ask for three months' leave of absence from my church for this most important win-the war service.

* * * * *

Saturday, A. M.—Letter from the secretary of the National Council of Billboard Clubs, stating that their annual convention will be held here on September 6th, and that they will supply the local pulpits with inspirational speakers for the Sunday morning service. After their convention in Keewatin last year, the churches experienced an uplift that lasted till Easter.

—A VICTIM.

"THE BOOK OF REVELATION NOT A MYSTERY."

The caption of this article forms the caption of a new book from the press of The Methodist Book Concern, the author being David Keppel; and the price seventy-five cents. We have read the book with much interest; but, as the readers of this article will discern, it does, despite the title, leave The Book of Revelation at least in part a mystery still. About sixty of seventy-five pages of this book are devoted to a consideration of the first eighteen chapters of Revelation, in which the author takes the position that all that is set forth in those chapters applies to the times in which the Book was written.

In the course of his consideration of the Book of Revelation, after setting forth things concerning the trumpet blasts, the author asks, "Did any events take place in Galilee, shortly before the fall of Jerusalem, corresponding to the symbols which followed the trumpet-blasts? He answers that such events did take place and says: "The invasion of Galilee by Vespasian assisted by forty thousand Parthian horsemen, in the spring of 67, may well be compared to 'a tempest of hail and fire mingled with blood'; the sea fight on the Sea of Galilee, in which sixty-five hundred Jews who took refuge from the Romans on the lake were all slaughtered and their boats captured or sunk, may well be poetically represented by the flaming mountain cast into the sea; the star falling from heaven upon the rivers

and fountains of water, poisoning and embittering them, may represent the career of the Zealots under John of Gischala, since the Jews certainly were accused by the Romans of poisoning the streams, and no one was more likely to commit such an outrage than John and his followers, who certainly were operating in Galilee at that time; the smiting of the third parts of sun, moon and stars, almost certainly denotes the total overthrow of Jewish rule in Galilee, which took place at that time; the cry of the lone eagle flying mid-heavens, was it not the warning issued by Vespasian, raised to the sole rule of the empire, that though he was called away from Palestine to the throne, nevertheless greater woes were impending over the land?"

The author holds that Rome was not "the harlot city," saying in one place: "The eighteenth chapter, read in the light of what we have been saying, needs little comment. We have in it a dirge or elegy over fallen Babylon, which would sound turgid and hollow enough if pronounced over the fall of Rome by one who never loved her; but pronounced over Jerusalem by one of her own sons, is as pathetic as it is true. Indeed the dirge does not fit Rome at all. For instance, Dean Alford says of the lament of the merchants: 'This mercantile lamentation far more nearly suits London than Rome at any assignable period of her history.' This is true, but it suits Jerusalem to a dot. Josephus gives a list of precious things carried away from Jerusalem by Titus, every one of which is named by John in his dirge over Jerusalem."

When the author comes to the nineteenth chapter of the Book of Revelation he remarks: "While the prophet was dealing with events which had taken place in his own age and his own land, we were able to interpret his book in the light of those events, so far as they were known to us; but in the nineteenth and following chapters he takes his stand in heaven, and there, amid the rustling of angel wings and the sound of angelic proclamations, looks out over the distant future. In interpreting this part of the book, we do not pretend to any special insight, and have neither the desire nor the ability to assume the role of the prophet."

The author does, however, hazard some predictions, for as to Gog and Magog he writes: "It is interesting to inquire whether such a people invaded Palestine and threatened Christendom about the time foretold by John, namely, not less than a thousand years after his prophecy. The question must be answered in the affirmative. The Turks, a Scythian nation, then inhabiting both sides of the Caspian, and therefore found in the immediate neighborhood of the Caucasus, under the infuence ofl Sultan Sel-juk, embraced Mohammedanism about the middle of the tenth century, adopting the principle of enslaving or destroying all who refused to submit to their prophet. In the latter part of the eleventh century, not far from a thousand years from the date of the Apocalypse, they overran Syria and Asia Minor, both lands of Saint John's residence. In 1077 they captured Jerusalem, but twenty-two years later lost it to the Crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon, who established the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem, which lasted until it was overthrown by Saladin in 1187, from which time Jerusalem and the Holy Land has been in the hands of the Turks. It is extremely likely that in our day we may see the complete and final fulfillment of Saint John's prophecy."

Mr. Keppel's little book is graphic in style. We have been greatly interested as we have turned its pages; but, like everything else that has been written concerning the Book of Revelation, despite what this scholar and that scholar, and this devout man and that devout man has said and written—it leaves us with the feeling and impression that the Book is a mystery. We are hoping that the day is not far distant when the contents of that Book as well as some of the words of Jesus in his last days will be ably considered in the light of some of the disclosures, or at least the suggestions of Psychic Research. There are more things in heaven and earth than have been dreamed of by mortals as yet.

COURAGE.

By Wm. C. Allen.

Wait for Jehovah, be strong and let thy heart take courage. Psalms 27:14. R. V.

I can but bloom, did the June roses more?
I can but droop, did they not also die?
The Moment is: the After or Before
Hides all from sight, canst thou tell more than I?
What matter if tonight come smiling snow
And death? The Power that makes, that mars, is One,
I know nor care not; when that Power bids blow
I ope my curled petals to the sun.

—Ednah Proctor Hayes.

In the higher California mountains during early summer, the visitor sees what is locally known as the "snow-flower." It is of a brilliant red color and is very large and showy. The guides will tell you that its name is derived from the fact that "it follows the retreat of the snow." It is eagerly welcomed just as are the exquisite anemones at the same season of the year in Colorado. It reminds us of the chrysanthemum which, after the glories of fleeting summer, blooms close to the chill of the wintry season.

Possibly we love the showy snow-flowers, the blue anemones, the many-colored chrysanthemums, not simply because of their striking beauty and the cheer they afford, but because they valorously lift their pretty heads when almost all the other flowers have ceased to bloom. They live just as near to the destructive frost as possible. Do not these humble exponents of God's goodness suggest and speak to us of courage?

The soul of the sturdy Christian has a semblance to these flowers. Our lives are intended to interpret the beauty of our faith to others. We naturally revel in genial surroundings and companionships. We love the golden sunshine of approbation and human sympathy, but some of us—like the summer flowers—cannot withstand adversity. We seem more adapted to the heyday of life's summer, than for nearness to the blasting things of winter. Storms of opposition introduced into the high tide of our warmest experiences may, unless we are careful, destroy our spiritual beauty and beat us down.

It is our privilege to learn from the rich history of Christian experience that when God's people go to Him in prayer for fresh supplies of holy vigor, they receive it. Millions have testified that He has generously given them strength to withstand the storms of adverse circumstances that threatened to overwhelm them. I will not argue why this is, but the fact stands. Prayer involuntarily welling up in the human heart and finding expression vocally or in secret is in some way answered by the compassionate and gracious Father of us all. Do we not love Him for this?

Sir Wilfred Grenfell says, "Faith and experience alike convince me that God himself sees and answers, and His answers I never venture to criticize. It is only my part to ask. It is entirely His to give or withhold, as He knows it best." This kind of faith produces the physical and moral courage that the child of God needs every day. Should we not more earnestly pray for it?

Let us go boldly to Jehovah's Throne and plead for help in every time of need. Let us ask that, like the glowing

bloom of the forest, our spirits may radiate Christ's wondrous love and beauty close to the chilling things of life. Let us imitate the gallant snow-flower. God gives His people courage. Is this not the glorious heritage of those who love His name?

San Jose, Cal.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Dr. Van Horn of First Church, Oakland, is with First Church, Los Angeles for July.

The Rev. W. W. Willard will be in the pulpit of First Church, Berekeley, during July.

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Williams, who was supplying at Kohala, Hawaii, for a few months has returned to Honolulu.

The pulpit of First Church, Fresno, was occupied for the last two Sundays by the Rev. E. C. Oakley of Mill Valley.

The pulpit of Mission Church, San Francisco, will be occupied by the Rev. W. C. Day during the vacation of Mr. Isaac, the pastor.

The First Congregational Church of Petaluma has loaned its pastor, Rev. F. Farrington, to the Anti-Saloon League for two weeks' work in Sonoma County.

Saturday of this week the Rev. E. A. King, of San Jose, will speak to the high school boys in attendance at the State Christian Endeavor Convention at Sacramento.

Secretary Kelsey and family and President and Mrs. Nash are at Giant Forest in the Sierras for a few weeks. Prof. Bade and wife are "somewhere" in the mountains of San Diego county.

The Rev. Benjamin Gould and family will spend the month of July at Soquel, where Mr. Gould will supply for that time. His pulpit at Rio Vista will be occupied by the Rev. Charles F. Clark of Oakland.

The Rev. Charles F. Clark of the Fruitvale Congregational Church, Oakland, had a royal time with Boy Scouts in Yosemite—about 125 of them. They had their own camp, between Lost Arrow and Camp Curry.

The Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda had the pleasure of a Sunday recently with the church at Reno where he was pastor for several years. For several Sundays, this month, Mr. Mears supplies at Ontario.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco there will be an address by the Rev. F. M. Price, recently from the mission field in China—formerly a pastor in California. Mr. Price will be in the homeland until the latter part of this year.

Congregational rooms in San Francisco are now on the second floor of the building at 417 Market street instead of on the third as heretofore. The U. S. Food Conservation Department needed the other rooms. A new location may be selected by September.

Many are looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the coming of Dr. Silcox as pulpit supply for a few Sundays for First Church, San Francisco. He will be here in August. The last two Sundays in July Dr. Smith of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, is to supply.

The First Congregational Church of Petaluma, which has stood out for a union of the churches, made the following offer recently: "Be it resolved that inasmuch as the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches of Petaluma have granted their pastors a leave of absence to serve in the Y. M. C. A., we invite the two churches to worship with us, free from any expense, that the two churches may give this money to the Red Cross or to some other benevolent cause."

"Where?" "When?" These are interrogations coming to us with reference to Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale, whose presence in California in July and August has been announced, and who, it was stated, was to be in some of the pulpits in the Bay region, a Sunday or two. Some Sunday evening in August Dean Brown will be in his old pulpit in Oakland. Date not yet determined on. Sunday mornings he is to speak in the chapel at Stanford, in place of Chaplain Gardner who is away temporarily. During the third week in July Dean Brown will speak three times at the summer session of the University of California in Berkeley, as a representative of the National Security League—setting forth the real issues of the world war. It has been stated in our hearing that Dr. Brown would be in the pulpit of First Church, Berkeley, some Sunday evening. Undoubtedly he will be if he can be secured.

MID-WEEK SERVICE IN FIRST CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

The mid-week service in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco has been having an attendance for some time of an hundred and more—up to one hundred and twenty-five frequently; and there are indications of a greater interest. This has come about by the pastor, Dr. Stauffer, devoting considerable of the time to answering questions which are printed on the calendar the Sunday before the meeting.

In opening there are several inspiring familiar songs or hymns, scripture reading, a responsive reading, and several brief prayers.

Dr. Stauffer answers the questions admirably, often giving several minutes to the most important, bringing in the answers enough graphically-worded information to make some of the talks worthy the pulpit platform.

Among the questions answered last Wednesday evening were these: Is marriage a sacrament or a civil contract? Do you think that the Kaiser really believes that God is on his side and that "He will further help"? Would you belong to a lodge that meets in a hall connected with a saloon? Do you agree with the statement that there must be a marked change in church methods after the war if the church is going to succeed at all?

We cannot put Dr. Stauffer on paper nor convey through the columns of The Pacific the atmosphere of the meeting of last Wednesday evening which the writer of this article attended. Suffice it to remark that it was devout and worshipful, informing and uplifting—all in all a meeting that would undoubtedly make for higher living on the part of those in attendance.

PASADENA FIRST.

A "Loyalty Meeting" was held last Friday night by way of a farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Fox, who left on Monday for a month's rest, after which Dr. Fox will visit camps in the Northwest for two months. When all were assembled, the pastor was surrounded by Boy Scouts and escorted to the platform, where he was safely guarded during the program by a Scout sentinel on either side. Every organization in the church then proceeded to pledge its loyalty to pastor, church and country during his absence, and every speaker, from tiniest tot to distinguished trustee, voiced the earnest determination to "Keep the Home Fires Burning." It was a unique occasion, and was brought to an

impressive close by prayer by the Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith. Some pressure is being brought to bear on Dr. Fox to go to France, but he will not consider the matter for the present, at least.

JUDGE WILBUR'S MESSAGE TO SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

At the recent meeting of the State Sunday School Association Judge Wilbur of the Supreme Court was elected president. In the monthly publication for June he had this message:

"The Sunday School work of to-day calls for the highest and best teachers and teaching possible. The changed conditions should enable us to demand the service in Sunday-school of our best manhood and womanhood. Because the job is more difficult, it should be easier to secure as teachers and workers those who wish to do something worth while.

"The Sunday-schools face new problems, the young men of the school are either gone or going to war. If we have four or five years of war ahead of us the boys from thirteen years up face the possibility of service at the front. It's a time of preparedness when we should lay the foundations strong and deep. 'Put first things first,' is the motto for the year. Love to God, love to man, the two great commandments must be emphasized as never before. Soldiers need guns and ammunition, and we expect the government to furnish them, but they need as much or more, faith, hope, courage, unfaltering devotion to the principle of right, unselfish devotion to duty, and these spiritual weapons must be furnished by the Church, the Sunday-school, and others with the spiritual vision. Our boys and our girls, our men and our women must put on the whole armour of God, if we are to win the war and make the victory when gained worth having. Thus equipped, I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present nor things to come, nor heighth, nor depth nor any other creature, should be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Rabindranath Tagore, the great Hindoo seer, says in Sadhana: "The man who has his spiritual eyes open knows that the ultimate truth about earth and water lies in our apprehension of the eternal will which works in time and takes shape in the forces we realize under those aspects. This is not mere knowledge as science is, but it is a perception of the soul by the soul. This does not lead us to power, as knowledge does, but it gives us joy which is the product of the union of kindred things. The man whose acquaintance with the world does not lead him deeper than science leads him will never understand what it is that the man with spiritual vision sees in these natural phenomena. The water does not merely cleanse his limbs, but it purifies his heart, for it touches his soul. The earth does not merely hold his body, but it gladdens his mind, for its contact is more than a physical contact—it is a living presence. When a man does not realize his kinship with the world he lives in a prison-house whose walls are alien to him. When he meets the eternal Spirit in all objects, then is he emancipated, for then he discovers the full significance of the world into which he is born; then he finds himself in perfect truth, and his harmony with the all is established."

In a life that stopped guessing you and I should not feel at home.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

The prayer meeting of June 26th was an especially noteworthy one as we had with us for the first time Dr. Tallmon-Sargent, just back from Lintsing, and also Dr. Ida Stapleton of Erzroum. The devotions were led by Miss Brewer, taking up the chapter in "The Meaning of Faith" on the relation to faith of the conception of the personality of God. We were shown that instinctively, and unless he absolutely forces himself away from such a belief, man trusts in the friendliness of the universe. And a friendly universe, necessitates a personal Creator.

After a series of prayers, Dr. Stapleton told us most interestingly some of her experiences in twenty years of medical work in Eastern Turkey, of her struggles with widespread trachoma and her success in combating it, and of the growing accesibility she found in Moslem homes. Dr. Tallmon-Sargent then spoke to us, telling of our hospital at Lintsing, of Miss Munger's great success in language work and her popularity with the Chinese, and of some of the girls, students who are looking toward medical work or nursing. While travelling from Tientsin to Japan she had a present from a lady she met on the steamer which makes it possible for one of these girls to continue her college work another year.

At the close of the morning meeting we all adjourned to luncheon together at the Ramona Hotel, where Dr. Browne and Mr. Stapleton joined us. We were especially interested hearing from the latter of the suspension of American work in Erzroum on the withdrawal of the Russians, of conditions in the Caucasus, and through Siberia, as he encountered them on his way out.

VIEWS FROM A KODAK.

Everyone who reads The Pacific may enjoy the work of Miss Bertha Allen's typewriter—and it is such a clever one—would that they might have the pleasure also of viewing the work of her kodak, which does equally fascinating work. It has been clicking steadily since it left port in San Francisco and has recorded scenes wherever its owner has visited, evidently being her constant traveling companion.

Lately it has been taking historic pictures; views which a few years from now will hang on the walls of our Union Kindergarten Training School buildings and be pointed to with pleasure (and possibly with a little amused astonishment on account of the smallness of the groups) as the beginning of the then largely attended and well known Union Kindergarten School of Foochow.

The U. K. T. S. has at length really opened its doors. Not quite its own doors—those are waiting for the generous gifts to the W. B. M. P. that will make that possible—but very beautiful rented doors in the building of the Anglican Girls' School in Foochow. "A little oasis of a spot," Miss Allen terms it, and here are the instruction rooms and kindergarten room and dormitories for the girls. An attractive photograph shows a group of the faculty and students standing in front of the artistic arches of one of the corridors of the building. The faculty is composed of Miss Jacob, Miss Allen and Miss Lacy, respectively of the

Anglican, Congregational and Methodist Missions (that is where the Union comes in). The students are six bright interesting Chinese girls, dressed in skirts like our own, and Chinese tunics. These are the nucleus of what we pray may be a wonderfully-blessed power in directing and shaping the character of Chinese child life.

Connected with the training school for teachers is a practice kindergarten where they may put into practical use the theories they have learned. Nine little Chinese tots are under the care of a young Chinese teacher recently graduated by Miss Jacob at Ku Cheng. A fee is charged for attendance, and the children therefore come from well-to-do families.

The kodak reveals them to us, and a fascinating little group they are, with innocent baby faces and little forms clad in padded trousers and tunics. Among them are a little sister and brother who come to school every day in a private ricksha, and are beautifully polite so that Miss Allen is "Bing Ang-ed" every time she comes in sight. They have already read a number of books, and their "pleasant Dr. Father" continually informs Miss Allen in a most polite way that he wishes them to read more books, not only two or three characters a day.

Another little laddie is the over indulged five-year-old of a large circle of admiring relatives. His father wished him to attend the kindergarten that this influence might be overcome. He arrived on the scene accompanied by his grandfather, father and uncle, and was left in charge of his amah (nurse). After a few days of crying and clinging to his amah's coat and refusal to take any part with the children, he finally consented to sit in a little chair, then joined the circle, and at length was perfectly content to have his nurse leave him. It is his father's hope to send him to school and college in America when he is older.

Do not these two groups make a wonderful appeal to our interest and sympathy and faith? Can we let a day go by without thinking of them and planning for them and praying for them? That the earnest young teachers may be given wisdom and courage and patience; that the girl students may have responsive hearts and minds; that to the children may come a vision of what is high and holy that will illumine their entire lives. Would we have to wait long for our new buildings if we fully realized the powers for righteousness that lie undeveloped in these souls?

The Methods Corner.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO DO THINGS.

By Rev. E. A. King, San Jose.

SERVICE FOR DEDICATION OF FLAGS.

The following service has been used successfully in dedicating three flags at one time, i. e., Service Flag, the Stars and Stripes and the Conquest Flag;

Reading the names of the boys who have gone from our church to the front.

Pledge to the Service Flag.

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to our boys, for which it stands, trusting God will keep them, victorious, patient and chivalrous, in their service of sacrifice and love for mankind.

Prayer for our own boys, the boys of the Nation and their parents.

Pledge to the American Flag.

Salute to the Flag by the Boy Scouts.

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Prayer for the Nation, President and his Counselors.

Pledge to the Christian Flag.

I pledge allegiance to my flag, and the Saviour, for whose Kingdom it stands; one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love, for all.

Prayer for the Christian forces in all lands; the Chaplains, Y. M. C. A. and Christians everywhere.

Dedication of Flags.

These flags we dedicate to THE BOYS who are so dear to us and who deserve our earnest prayers, for the noble service they are rendering to the world. To the NATION, the honor of which we shall seek to uphold, in righteousness. To the MASTER'S KINGDOM, that we promise to seek and promote in all the world, with service and love for all mankind.

Dedication Prayer.

Hymn, "America." Using the following as last stanza:

"God bless our splendid men,
Bring them safe home again,
God bless our men;
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us,
God save our men."

WORLD-WIDE CURRENT EVENT NOTES.

Gatherings and Condensations by Our Gleaner.

There are 2,587 women in attendance at the Summer Session of the University of California and 533 men.

Uncle Sam has five saints in the marine barracks at Mare Island. They are Arthur G. St. James, Denver; Edward St. Luke, Cheyenne; Orville St. John, Seattle; Henry F. St. Peter, Kansas City, and Arthur T. St. Matthew, Spokane.

For a Sunday afternoon patriotic address in Los Angeles the Rev. Dr. Locke, pastor of the First Methodist Church, had as topic, "Why Doesn't God Kill the Kaiser?" A Los Angeles paper reports him thus: "He frankly acknowledged that he didn't know, unless it be that the Almighty intended for the Americans to kill him."

"The women of England are thoroughly for Lloyd George. We believe that he is the only man now to handle all the difficult problems before the country, and we are ready to support him in every way," says Mrs. Pankhurst. "Our party is so organized that we can now be of some service to the country. We do not ally ourselves with any other political organization as you do here, for we feel that we have something to contribute as women which politics has heretofore lacked."

Many watch manufacturers in Switzerland have closed the doors of their shops. Organized labor demanded higher wages, giving the higher cost of living as a reason. The manufacturers are unable to pay higher wages, for export facilities are diminishing rapidly and it is almost impossible to obtain certain raw materials. The men employed

as watchmakers probably will find remunerative work in munition shops, but it is feared that the Swiss watch industry will be ruined by war conditions and never recover from the blow.

"Will the general public ever understand that the expression 'Rev. Jones' is excruciatingly inelegant?" asks the Northwestern Christian Advocate. "Our notion that its use is confined to country newspapers was shaken the other day by reading in one of the Chicago dailies that 'Rev. Jones' would preach in such a church next Sunday. One can with equal impropriety speak of 'Hon. Brown.' But distress reaches its climax at hearing ministers themselves refer to 'Rev. Jones.' The proper expression is 'The Rev. John Jones,' or, if the initials are not known, 'The Rev. Mr. Jones.' But 'Rev. Jones'— Well, we are tempted to start an anti-'Rev. Jones' society."

A friendly controversy has arisen over the name of the political state which Jews of the world hope to establish in the Holy Land. The Jews of Jerusalem are said not to favor the name Palestine, oftenest employed by Jews of England and America, saying it has no significance. They favor Judea as the name, putting it on an historical and sentimental basis. It is said by Jews in America to be the purpose of the British Government to bring into existence four small states, politically independent, but under British protection until such time as they come under the care of the league of nations which President Wilson and others talk about. These four are Armenia and Lebanon in the north, Judea or Palestine in the centre, and Arabia on the south, the last named to be the land of the Islams. Judea is to extend on the north to Damascus and Beirut, but does not include those cities.

Since the taking of Jerusalem the Jews of Palestine have set to work to revive their ancient tongue, unused for two thousand years. This tongue is the Hebrew of Bible times, only modernized where necessary. It is said now to be quite out of fashion in Jerusalem to employ words in common use at the time General Allenby took possession of the city. Day and night schools have been set up to teach Hebrew, and letters to Jews of the world, coming from Palestine, are beginning to employ the language of twenty centuries ago. Already it is planned to erect in Jerusalem the University of Jerusalem, to be the centre of Jewish culture and learning of the world. A site has been tentatively agred upon, said to be about midway between the two great synagogues of the city. It is felt that these synagogues are large enough to serve as the principal places of Jewish worship. Hence at present no new and imposing synagogue is talked of.

The American Indian is in the war to win, like every good American. The commissioner of Indian affairs, in response to requests for information regarding the red man's support of Uncle Sam's war business, recently made a statement giving the new details he has been able to gather to date. Indian farmers and stock raisers have done so well in recent years that they have earned the reputation of first-class agriculturists. It was to be expected that the campaign for the production of more meat and larger crops would meet a quick response on the Indian reservations and private farms of Indians who are full-fledged citizens. The response came in increased production of needed foodstuffs. In the two Liberty Bond campaigns the Indians subscribed more than $10,000,000. The number of Indians in military service is estimated at 5,000. Mr. Sells has detailed reports for about half that number. Three hundred of them are in the Navy, 1800 in the Army and 100 in other military work. Six hundred of the number were drafted. All the rest enlsited. The service flag of one of the leading Indian schools contains 150 stars, all but 15 of which represent volunteer enlistments.

Central Oregon has been suffering from a severe drought, and lack of water on the ranges is endangering the cattle business. This is counter-balanced by prophecies of the Indians, who say that there will be such heavy rains during the summer that the hay crop will be ruined. Herds are being rushed out of the country before they perish, and already many cattle have been lost. Because of the lack of snow last winter and the lack of rain now, lakes which have been the stockmen's dependence for years are dried up. The bed of Thorn Lake, which has never before gone dry in the memory of man, is now entirely exposed, and cattlemen and settlers in examining this surface, have found many fossils in the deeper holes. A fossil snake, in perfect condition and measuring eight feet in length and ten inches in diameter, was discovered. A turtle from prehistoric times was rug up in one of the holes, and several fish fossils, some larger than a salmon, have been brought in. None of the local scientists have been able to classify the fish or serpents.

Saloons do not attract young men between seventeen and twenty-four years of age as they do older men, nor are single men so numerous as married men at the bar, according to the report submitted by C. C. Robinson of New York to the conference of the Association of Employed Officers of the Young Men's Christian Association in session recently in Springfield, Massachusetts. Mr. Robinson headed a section on social influences that investigated the lure of the saloon. Explaining the reasons for the conditions noted, he said: "This is partially attributed to the higher idealism of the young men and also to the fact that unmarried men spend a good deal of their time in the company of their sweethearts. The saloon seems to be most popular in the years between thirty-five and forty-five, the dull drab years of middle life." It was stated that the use of public libraries was greater by the seventeen to twenty-four year old group than by any other group of workingmen, and at the same time the lowest interest in church and religious matters was among the same group of younger men. The greatest interest in religious matters, he said, was among men forty-six years old and over.

There seems to be no doubt that butchers in Italy are earning more money than the owners of munition factories, says a correspondent from that country. Easily acquired wealth is profusely spent with an unsparing hand as a rule, in this country, and a proof that butchers are making so much money that it is actually burning in their pockets is afforded by the following episode. Some time ago a prosperous-looking couple entered one of the most expensive jewelry shops in Rome and asked to be shown diamond necklaces. The necklace they selected cost $16,000. "Haven't you got something better?" the intending purchaser asked the jeweller, who, hiding his surprise, showed them a string of pearls worth $20,000. No time was wasted in bargaining, and without the slightest hesitation as to whether the diamonds should be preferred to the pearls, on the wife's suggestion that both the diamonds and the pearls could be bought the husband paid $36,000 in cash and walked oct arm in arm with his wife, feigning the utmost indifference, as if buying expensive jewelry was his daily habit. Of course this man was a butcher, and other butchers in other cities in Italy no doubt are investing their profits in jewelry on the same extensive scale. With beef at $1.50 a pound it is natural that butchers' wives should have diamonds and pearls in abundance.

Helps By the Way.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS."

A CHALLENGE.

To the busy worker, the business man, the parent, the teacher, the bearer of burdens—comes the challenge: "Set your affection on the things that are above." Have you been putting the note of the universal and the eternal into your work? Have you discovered eternal interests, eternal companionships Or are you still hag-ridden with the sense of time? The man whose heart is troubled by the on-rushing of the years is a slave of time. The man who has been taken captive by the eternal hope has won eternity in the midst of time. He alone is free. The time-slave fears to risk a single swiftly vanishing moment from his hoard of days, by a step which he may need to retrace. God's free-man undertakes the great adventure of faith with joy, for God is his companion, and all the years of God are his.—Oscar Edward Maurer, New Haven, Conn.

I never saw a moor,
  I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how a heather looks
  And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
  Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
  As if the chart were given.

—Emily Dickinson.

THE WAITING LIGHT.

I can shut out the sweet light of the morning. I can refuse to open the shutters and draw up the blinds. And I can shut out the light of life. I can draw the thick blinds of prejudice, and close the impenetrable shutters of sin. And the Light of the World cannot get into my soul.

And I can let in the waiting light of the morning, and flood my room with its glory. And the light is a gracious, willing guest. No fuss is needed, no shouting required. Open thy casement, and the gracious guest is in! And my Lord has no reluctance in his coming. We have not to drag him to our table. Open thy heart and the Lord is in! And when the light is within, there will be radiance at the windows. And when the Lord is shining in our hearts there will be a witness in the life. Men will see that we are with Jesus, because we are light in the Lord.

Good Lord, deliver me from "the god of this world" lest I be blinded and be unable to see Thee! I open my heart to Thee! Shine in, thou light of life, and make my soul the radiant witness of thy grace!—John Henry Jowett, Westminster Chapel, London.

O fly away on silent wings, ye boding owls of night!
O welcome little birds that sing the coming-in of light!
  For new, and new, and ever-new,
  The golden bud within the blue;
  And every morning seems to say:
  "There's something happy on the way,
  And God sends love to you!"

—Henry van Dyke.

SOMETHING THAT NEVER FAILS.

Where God is, there is hope, and pessimism cannot come. Even though earthquake should topple all of our little world into ruin, leaving us too stunned and dazed to have any consciousness of God remaining, we should presently awake to find ourselves in the hollow of his hand. It is not our faith that is imperishable, but his loving kindness.—Henry Kingman.

A weathercock that once was placed
  A farmer's barn above;
Bore on it, by its owner's will,
  The sentence, "God is love."

His neighbor, passing, questioned him—
  He deemed the legend strange—
"Now, dost thou think that like a vane
  God's love can lightly change?"

The farmer, smiling, shook his head,
  "Nay, friend, 'tis meant to show
That 'God is love' whichever way
  The wind may chance to blow."

THE FUGITIVE WARRIOR.

A warior in flight before a triumphant foe sought to hide himself in a vast forest. He hadfought well, but strength and courage had now failed him, and he could do no more. Faint and weary, he struggled on as well as his many wounds would allow towards a sanctuary which he had heard stood in the very heart of the forest. Eventually in the night he came to it, and with some difficulty he opened the massive door, passed inside and closed it behind him. Without, the elements were still shrieking like demons baulked of a victim but here was a Presence that diffused a mystic calm, a quietude which dispelled all agitation from his heart. And as he knelt there a strange thing happened. He had become suddenly rapt into the experience known as ecstasy, and beheld with clear vision the world he had just left. He saw that his losses were all illusion save where he himself had played the coward or given way to despair. He saw that where his love had gone unselfishly forth to any object that object was already his, indissolubly his, in Christ; he saw that wherever he had loved in any other way he had never possessed the object of his desire at all. No harm had ever touched him that had touched only the outer man; there was nothing to run away from, nothing to be afraid of, none had any power over him but God. He learned, too, that renunciation of a good under its merely temporal aspects was the only way to unite it eternally to the soul, and that in the sacrifice of the personal will to the will of God, in loving as Christ loves—in loving with his love—was the secret of fulness and enduring joy. When the vision faded the knight rose from his knees, to find himself standing in the dark forest alone, the storm over, and the stars shining down upon him through the trees. Quietly he walked straight back to the stricken field he had left, knowing now that the sanctuary in which he had sought refuge was everywhere and that he could enter it at any time of need.

Man or woman, whoever you are, you are the fugitive warrior from the battlefield of life, you who flee to God as a refuge from the world. He will receive you, and then send you back again to transform all your temporal into eternal values through the Cross of Christ. You will have to lay your life down in every human relation, to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts thereof. You will have to strive and suffer and at times be overborne. But your refuge will be always there. You go not forth alone, and you can return when you will. "The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—R. J. Campbell.

The Home.

For this man was not great
By gold or royal state,
By sharp sword or knowledge of earth's wonder;
But more than all his race
He saw life face to face
And heard the still small voice above its thunder.
—Newbolt concerning Chinese Gordon.

CHILDREN AND THE DOLL AGE.

We Grown-Ups Forget So Easily What Life Was to Us When We Were Young.

"Teacher, take dolly home?" The wistful eyes of the little five-year-old girl in the kindergarten pleaded for that dolly. The scene will never leave my memory.

"No, dear, dolly belongs in the kindergarten; leave her here; you may have her again to-morrow."

But the little girl, a poor, tiny scrap of humanity, hugged the doll, saying insistently, mournfully, pleadingly, "No dolly home, no dolly home, teacher," till I could withstand her no longer, and told her to wait until the others had gone. I could not give that child a doll without giving them to all the twenty other children.

What was I to do? Ought I to take that precious doll away from her, when it seemed to fill a long-felt want with her, as nothing else ever had done in the two weeks the child had been with us? She came from a wretched home and had seemed to us rather stupid, listless, and unresponsive. We kept hoping every day that something would appeal to and awaken her.

Music, songs, games, blocks—all were alike to her; she looked on with stolid eyes and expressionless face; but would take no part, give no sign of response—until to-day, when we brought out the dolls!

She folded that dolly in her arms the minute it was given to her. When we all sang the lullaby and rocked the dollies to sleep, she seemed to sing and rock too; the first time she had shown the slightest impulse to join in with the others. Yes, she had imagination, and a mind to respond with the moment we found the right stimulus!

All day she clung to that doll, so contentedly happy that I let her hold it long after the others had given up theirs, glad that I had found at last the door to her little heart. Yes, I let her take it home, too, telling her to bring it back in the morning, for, of course, it would want to come back with her to the kindergarten!

She brought it back every day for a week, and then I gave it to her for her very own, and replaced it with another in the supply. To us it was just a doll; to her it was—what? Some of you women whose minds go back to your childhood will think you know what that doll was to her; but I doubt whether you will unless in your childhood your whole life was starved for something to love and care for.

Through that battered old doll that little child found her place in the kindergarten and began to show her real self, her real possibilities of character; to work and play and be happy with the others. This it was that awakened her imagination, changed her from a little, half-animal thing into a live child. For the first time in her starved little life she found something worth living for, even in the environment which imprisoned her soul in the place that served here as "home."

We grown-ups forget so easily what life was to us when we were children. How few really sympathize with the lives of the children! To us a doll is just a doll, a thing. It is so hard for us to realize the place that the doll occupies in the life of the normal little girl. To her there is tremendous reality in her devotion to her dolly, in rocking it to sleep, putting it to bed, dressing and undressing it, making clothes for it, and playing at cooking. It is all just as normal and natural as growing. It helps to develop the motherly instinct latent in every healthy girl, and so vitally necessary for the woman that is to be. Married or unmarried, a woman is only half a woman without a strong and well developed heart full of mother-love.

Some girls, to be sure, do not seem to care much about dolls, even though there is no tendency in the home to discourage the dolly-stage of childhood. Such girls are rare.

Sometimes the same instinct shows itself in devotion to animals—cats, dogs, or horses. It is the same instinct, merely in another form. Little boys have that love, too, though usually it does not last so long. Do not discourage it. If the boy wants to play that he is a little father, while his sister plays that she is a little mother, don't make the mistake of discouraging or laughing at it. It is a wholly healthy sign.

Little children must have concrete objects of love. They cannot grasp abstractions.

"Mother," I heard a little boy of six say the other day to one of my neighbors, "I think Cousin Mary is going to make a good housekeeper—she makes up her dolly's bed so be-au-ti-fully." His mother explained to me that he had overheard her telling her chambermaid just how she should make up the beds.

The seeds of good housekeeping are often sown in the playroom with the care of dolls, the conduct of miniature tea-parties, and the other imitations of serious domestic life. The children mean business. The dolls really share their joys and sorrows. The little girl has the same sense of protective relation with her doll because it is small that the grown-up mother has with her baby. It is a far more real thing than we stupid adults can realize. She lives in a realm of her own with her doll, telling it stories, conducting it over the house and grounds, explaining things to it, quite as if it were alive. Is there nothing to confirm this out of your own experience?

A simple, reasonably good-looking doll is much better than a dressy, complicated, mechanical doll, and will be loved long after the expensive, squawking one has been laid aside. It will be loved when it is battered, grimy, and apparently worn out. Don't you remember some one doll, some ugly, noiseless, moth-eaten-looking old thing, that you loved more than all the others? I believe you do!

It was Charles Kingsley who wrote:

I once had a sweet little doll, dears—
The prettiest doll in the world.
Her face was so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled;—

and then went on to tell how the doll was lost on the heath one day and sought for for more than a week; till he found it with the paint all washed off and the hair bedraggled and uncurled—

Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

A man wrote that, and what he said is typical of the feeling of all normal little girls for their dolls.

"Take away the doll," says Kate Douglas Wiggin, "and you erase from the heart and head feelings, images, poetry, aspiration, experience, ready for application to real life."

I shall never forget a thing I saw once at a Social Settlement when we were trimming a Christmas tree. An apparently stolid old maid grabbed a doll and hugged it her heart. There was a tragic look in her eyes as she whispered;

"Isn't it a lovely one? Do you know, I never had a doll in my whole life!"

Starved, simply starved, for the experience of having something to love and cherish. The look in the forty-year-old woman's eyes has haunted my memory to this day. And don't you forget that somehow the love comes back from the doll to the little girl with the love-hungry heart and the big imagination. When that part of life is left out, it leaves a gap that in most instances never gets filled.—Prudence Bradish in New York Post.

For The Children.

THE LITTLE LOAF.

Many years ago there was a great famine in Germany, and the poor people suffered from hunger. A rich man who loved children sent for twenty of them and said to them: "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you. Take it and come back again every day till the famine is over. I will give you a loaf each day."

The children were very hungry. They seized the basket and struggled to get at the largest loaf. They even forgot to thank the man who had been kind to them. After a few minutes of quarreling and snatching for bread, every one ran away with his loaf except one little girl, named Gretchen. She stood there alone at a little distance from the gentleman. Then, smiling, she took up the last loaf, the smallest of all, and thanked him with all her heart.

Next day the children came again, and they behaved as badly as ever. Gretchen, who would not push with the rest, received only a tiny loaf scarcely the half size of the others. But when she came home, and her mother began to cut the loaf, out dropped six shining coins of silver.

"Oh, Gretchen!" exclaimed the mother, "this must be a mistake. The money does not belong to us. Run quick as you can and take it back to the gentleman."

So Gretchen caried it back; but when she gave the gentleman her mother's message, he said: "No, no, it was not a mistake. I had the silver baked into the smallest loaf in order to reward you. Remember that the person who is contented to have the smallest loaf rather than quarrel for a larger one will find blessings that are better than money baked in bread."—Ella Lyman Cabot, in Ethics for Children.

TINY'S ALARM CLOCK.

Tiny looked up from her slate as her big brother, Kent, came in one day with an odd-shaped paper bundle in his hands. Tiny ran to meet him.

"Oh, Kent, what is it?" she asked, curiously. "Anything for me?"

"No," said Kent. "Such a wide-awake puss as you are doesn't need aids to early rising," and he untied the strings and opened the package.

"Why, it's a clock!" said Tiny, disappointed. "We've got three clocks, now, Kent. What made you bring another?"

Kent began winding the little clock. "You just listen." he said.

Whir-rr! Rattle, rattle, rattle! Whir-rr! What a way for a clock to strike!

"It's an alarm clock," exclaimed Kent, smiling at Tiny's wonder. "We can set it so that the alarm will strike at any time of the night and awake us. You know I have to leave home before daylight sometimes"—for Kent was an engine driver.

"How very, very funny!" said Tiny, with sparkling eyes. "Goes off all itself without any one touching it! Oh, how I wish I had one."

"There's nothing funny about it," went on Kent. "If people don't mind the alarm when it strikes, but think they will sleep a little longer, they grow less liable to be waked by it, and soon it does not make any impression at all."

Tiny considered. "I wish I could have one all my own," she said again. "It must be such fun to hear it go off."

"You have one," said Kent, gravely.

"I? An alarm clock?"

Kent nodded.

"Where?"

"Right in there," said Kent, with his hands over his heart.

"Well, I don't believe it ever went off," laughed Tiny.

"Yes, I'm sure it has. Wait till you feel like doing something wrong. That little clock will say, 'Why, Tiny, don't.' You see if it doesn't."

Tiny laughed and went back to her sums. Soon a call came back from the kitchen. "Tiny, dear, I want you."

Tiny's mouth began to pout, but she suddenly called out cheerily, "Yes, mamma," and danced out of the room, looking back to say, "It went off then, Kent, loud."

Kent nodded and smiled. "I thought it would," he said.

And all of you folks with alarm clocks must be sure to answer the first call, or they will ring and ring in vain, and the first thing you know you turn out good-for-nothing men and women.—Richmond Christian Advocate.

ROB'S GYMNASIUM TICKET.

"Mother, can't I buy a ticket to the gymnasium for this summer?" asked Rob Royse, twisting the door-knob and looking at her anxiously.

"How much does it cost?"

"Four dollars, but that includes baths and—and just lots of things."

"Could your little brother go in on your ticket?"

"No, of course not, but"—

"Then I am sure we can't afford it, Rob," she said, firmly.

"But, mother, I need it so! I'm all stooped over and weak-armed, and thin as a rail," he pleaded.

Mrs. Rose sighed, for what Rob said was true, and her great anxiety was to see her two boys grow strong and straight, still, they could hardly afford the four dollars just now, and she could not give to one and not to the other. So she answered, quietly:

"Alden needs it too, dear," adding after a pause, "I wonder if we could not have a gymnasium of our own?"

"If we had a big barn like Skillman's we could, but we can't stand up in our coalshed!"

"What about the backyard—an outdoor gymnasium?"

"That big, old, bare lot!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it needs to be big and bare, and the high fence around it is just the thing. The dead apple tree will make a fine hold for our swinging ropes, and we can easily fix up the place for basket ball, horizontal bars and all those things."

"An we'll have swinging ladders," put in Rob, suddenly, all enthusiasm, "and Dollard Wright has a pair of saw-horses he'll give us. Say, mother, wouldn't it be nice to have Dollard in our gym?"

Mrs. Royse looked dubious. "We don't want a crowd of boys here—it would soon give us trouble, but three would

make it nicer than two, so if you promise to ask no one else you may have him in it."

"And between us we have money enough to buy our Indian clubs right off. Mayn't I go over and tell him about it?"

Away he bounded, leaving his mother smiling over her work and planning eagerly how to transform the ugly back yard into a first-class gymnasium.

"I'll make them a floor mat by sewing together those two old mattresses in the attic and covering them with denim. It can be kept in the lattice porch at night. The best thing about the plan is that the boys are developing their muscles and they are in the open air at the same time, and are happy at home where I can be with them. Maybe I will get a little physical culture myself!" laughed the wise little woman, patting the finished sewing as if it had originated the idea.

That night the charter members of the Royse gymnasium held a caucus, as Rob called it, in the family sitting-room, and the most enthusiastic member of all was Mr. Royse himself.

"The first thing we must do will be to rake and clean the yard till it looks like new," he said, with a boyish laugh. "Then I'll see that the ropes are up good and strong, while you boys fix the other what-you-may-call-'ems. If a punching bag doesn't cost too much we will have one in the corner."

This was greeted with cheers, Dollard exclaiming, "O, let me buy that! Father was going to give me a gym ticket and I'll just take the four dollars to get apparatus. Isn't it lucky that school is out next week?"

"And that tomorrow's Saturday!" added Alden.

"We can invent so many nice games with the apparatus," Dollard said, thoughtfully.

"I know one already," cried Alden. "It's to put a tin can—an opened one, you know—on the end of a pole, and see how many times you can throw it up and catch it on the pole again. It takes lots of practice!"

The older boys smiled somewhat contemptuously over this, but Mrs. Royse hastened to declare that it would be fine training for the muscles of the back. Although they tried it next day, "simply for Alden's sake," Rob and Dollard got plenty of fun out of the tin cans during that jolly summer.

Indeed, the whole gymnasium was a grand success. To be sure, no grass grew in the Royse's back yard that year, but there are many things better than grass or even a pretty lawn. The boys, who spent hours and hours there, developed some respectably big muscles, and became very skillful in their games. And since there were only three of them and it takes four to play most games, Mrs. Royse was often coaxed to leave her work and join them.

When she declared she was "getting more physical culture than the housework could stand," the boys resolved to help. They washed dishes, made beds, swept rooms, and in face, as Dollard said, they "turned girl so that she could turn boy when the work was done."

"We're a Mutual Aid Society," she explained to Mr. Royse, while Alden whispered confidentially: "Do you know, father, I never used to love mother as much as I do now. She's so jolly and always plays so fair!" . . .

When fall came Mrs. Wright kindly offered the use of her big attic for the winter, and here, though somewhat hampered by low rafters, the boys continued their muscle training.

"Are you satisfied with your summer's gymnasium ticket, Rob?" asked Mrs. Royse with a bright smile as she helped him gather up his schoolbooks on the opening day.

"Well, I guess so!" he exclaimed heartily. "And it didn't cost four dollars either, did it?"

"No. Do you notice how sturdy Alden has grown during the summer? He looks like a different boy.

"Sure enough! And Dollard and I have got biceps like a blacksmith's. Just feel that! I tell you, mother, it's funny that every boy doesn't get up a gym of his own. Don't you think so?"—The American Boy.

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